

1936

The Branksome Slogan



1936

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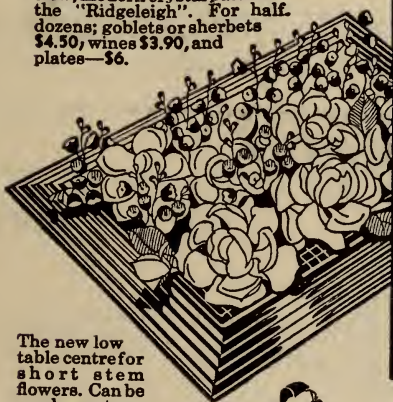
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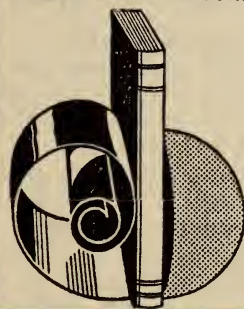


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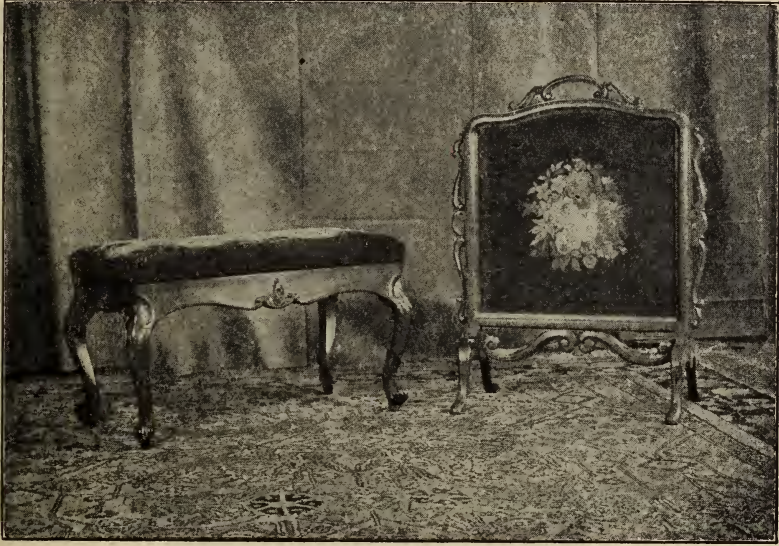
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The Farm House at Clonsdale Heights



EDITORIALS

Less than one short year ago, during the early summer of the year 1935, the British Isles and the Dominions beyond the Seas were jubilant in celebrating with their late sovereign, King George V, his twenty-five years of successful rule. This year, that same Empire has been plunged into sorrow and a sense of loss. Everywhere, lowered flags and hangings of royal purple and black demonstrated the feelings of the whole Commonwealth of Nations as they mourned the passing of their beloved monarch. The late King George V will long be a memorable figure in the hearts and minds not only of his own subjects, but also in the hearts and minds of the members of all those other nations who so genuinely admired him as a lover of peace.

Now, our far-flung Empire has a new King. Perhaps, there has never before been a king of Great Britain so well prepared for this position as is the son of our late monarch, our present king, Edward VIII. By reason of his wide travels as Prince of Wales, he became acquainted with all the peoples over whom he now rules. He is unique in being unusually familiar with the conditions and handicaps under which the common people struggle to live, which enables him to better understand the various points of view of his subjects.

Throughout his extensive journeys, he proved to be a friend of each and all. His keen sense of justice has already won for him the trust and confidence of all the peoples of the world.

King Edward is an indefatigable and unselfish worker, and, therefore, he

must stand as an inspiration to the members of the Empire of which he is the Sovereign and particularly to the youth of our country to whom he is the ideal ruler. His appeal to youth may further be attributed to the fact that he readily accepts the enjoyments and opportunities, as well as the heavy burdens of his great position.

The world waits expectantly while King Edward shapes in his own admirable way the destinies of the British Empire and indirectly through his influence the destiny of the world.

We of this generation support and salute King Edward VIII; "Long may he reign!"

God Save The King.

BETTY MacKERROW
(Clan MacGregor).

Clansdale Heights

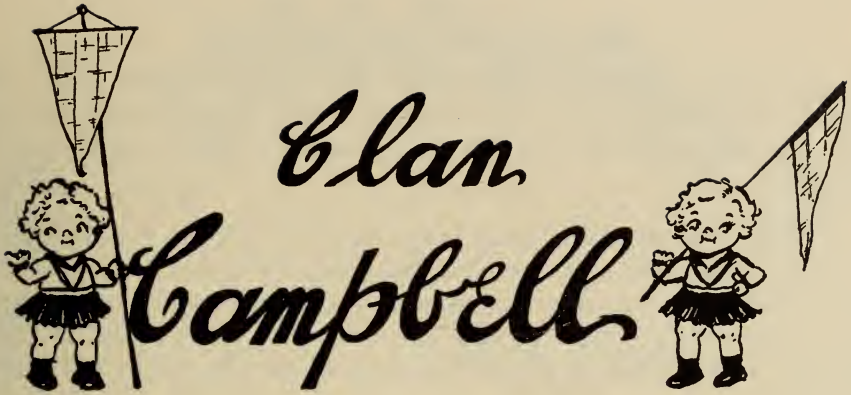
Branksome Hall has always been noted for its individuality, and this year has been no exception. It is quite justifiable to say that few schools have acquired, in a short length of time, as many novel additions as has ours. This year, all interest has been centred on our new farm, Clansdale Heights.

It was purchased in the fall, and the men set to work immediately, enlarging several of the rooms and installing electricity and running water. At first glance the house itself, which is one hundred years old, appeared to be almost beyond repair, but it is now a very attractive-looking building, both inside and out. The girls themselves were partly responsible for this, as groups went out two or three times a week to paint and paper and clear up the debris left by the workers. Class picnics were held while the weather was fine, and we soon found out that it was possible to take beautiful, long walks through the woods which skirt our property. By the end of the first term, everything was in good shape and ready for the strenuous use it was to receive after Christmas.

Clansdale Heights is situated just north of Richmond Hill and is ideal for all kinds of winter sports. The Toronto Ski Club, our nearest neighbour, very kindly allowed us to make use of their trails, and also provided us with our own special badges.

Now that summer is approaching, we are again looking forward to our visits to the farm. Never before, in the history of the school, has there been such a strong tie between the day and resident girls. We feel that we are indeed living up to our school song, "Up and On".

HELEN SUTHERLAND
(Clan MacAlpine).



THE HERALD OF SPRING

A little elf on the top of the hill,
Stands up straight and oh, so still,
As though awaiting an urgent call
To be repeated to one and all.

He holds a trumpet in one hand,
And with it he points across the
land.
Soft musical notes float faintly near
So forward he bends sweet strains
to hear.

A joyous look spreads o'er his face;
Once more he stands up in his
place.
He is sounding notes both pure and
clear,
Spreading the news that spring is
here!

DOROTHY HOYLE, Form II A.

"NOTHING IN EXCESS"

Oh school it is a merry place for those
who like work,
But school it is a cruel place for us
poor folks who shirk.
And though I try so hard (it's true!)
my Latin daily sinks,
And as for Mathematics, they do
make my brain to shrink.

With Grammar, French and Algebra
the teachers struggle madly
To extricate us from the mire of
work that's done too badly.
The moral of this rhyme will be, as
you no doubt will guess,
The motto of the wise old Greeks,
'tis, "Nothing in Excess".

NANCY TYRRELL,
Form III A.



An Unexpected Ducking

One of my favourite occupations has always been to build rafts. Each year the rafts have become a little sturdier, a little more practical, until now they are reasonably safe, but one of my earlier attempts nearly ended in disaster.

The day was pleasantly warm when my sister Pat, her friend Chris and I set out for the river a few hundred feet from our cottage. In spite of the mild weather, bits of ice were still whirling down stream carried by the current of the early spring floods. By dint of hard labour we succeeded in putting together a rather wobbly raft, and with much grunting, groaning and pushing, launched it.

Pat and Chris thought it would be best for me to try the frail craft first. Nothing loathe to show them I was not afraid, I took off my shoes and socks, rolled up my breeches and gingerly climbed aboard, carefully keeping my weight on my pole. So far so good; it floated. I started off but before I had gone far I came to a shallow spot. I called to Pat and Chris to help me and we pushed and dragged the raft to deeper waters.

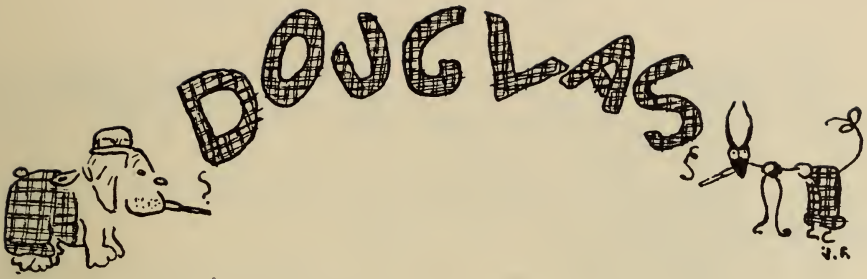
Once more I clambered aboard. The current became swifter, the ice and water swirled around my feet; and I was unknowingly at the mercy of the river. Suddenly, I saw before me a long, leaning stump standing about three feet above the water. Towards this the current drew me. Frantically I plied my pole but the strength of the current soon wrenched it from my grasp. I about to sit down on the raft when, looking down, I saw that it was partially submerged and that if I sat down I should get decidedly wet. I felt that I was now too near the stump for the safety of my head and was

Only one alternative remained, and that was to seize hold of the stump, and thus to slacken my speed, so that I could bend down to avoid the obstacle. I reached the stump and grasped it frantically but the current was too swift. My make-shift craft rolled on while I made frenzied efforts to pull myself on to the top of the stump; but, to my horror, I felt it loosen. Then my thoughts flew to the raft and I shouted excitedly to Chris, telling her to take a short-cut and catch it at the bend just beyond.

Pat, meanwhile, tried to wade out to me but stopped in dismay when she discovered that the water was too deep. I shivered as I thought of the cold bath I would have to take. One, two, three, go! I dropped. The water closed over my head and I sank. Then desperately I struck out for the surface and for shore. I climbed up on the bank of the river much dampened both in body and spirits, but otherwise none the worse for my adventure.

DOROTHY HOYLE,

Form II A.



THE WEeping PRINCESS

There are millions of stamps
 In hundreds of places
 In various colours
 With different faces.
 Of one little stamp
 There's a sweet little story
 Of wee Princess Beth
 Wrapped up in her glory.
 It shows her dear face
 All coloured in green
 A one-cent Canadian.
 But isn't it mean?
 A tiny wee tear drop,
 A printer's mistake,
 Appears in an odd one
 Though it isn't a fake.
 Too bad to be weeping
 With this little tear
 Especially when issued
 In Jubilee Year.
 And now all collectors
 Are hoping and praying
 That they'll find one some day
 To make their collection
 A greater success
 With the little green picture
 Of "The Weeping Princess".
 PAMELA PEARSE, Form III A.

THE SEASONS

Summer, summer is gone,
 Now,
 The hum of bees,

The murmuring trees,
 And the workman's song at his
 plough.

Autumn has come and past.
 Red
 Leaves, the colour of hearts
 That have known sweet sorrow,
 and bled.
 Winter is here at last.

Winter is here for a time.
 Cold—
 Whistling wind like a warrior
 bold—
 Ice, hail and snow,
 But that, too, will go.

Spring is yet to come.
 Blue
 Clear skies of brighter hue—
 And green wet grass while flowers
 bloom
 Colour and Life—glad Spring anew.
 SUSAN D. GOULDING,
 Form II A.



Rain

It had been raining all day and now that it was dark, the sound of the rain splashing on the glistening pavement seemed to take on a more mournful tone.

Several pedestrians passed back and forth with heads bent forward and collars turned up. Their faces were invisible.

The somewhat old-fashioned street lamps stood up straight and tall on each corner, patient and brave in their dreary state. The shops withdrew into themselves and a few lights appeared dimly in the uncurtained second-story windows.

On the corner, stood a young girl in a black cloth coat which was sopping up the rain like a blotter. Her drooping hat hid her profile, and the water dripped from the brim, and ran down her cheeks and neck, where long strands of dark hair clung to her skin. Her stockings glistened against her ankles and her shoes were obviously old and worn down. Her pale hands clutched an old battered bag which appeared flat and empty-looking. In truth, it contained all of seven cents, enough for one street-car ticket. Soon, the street-car would come humming along the slippery tracks, but the girl had no thought as to how soon that would be. She had spent days looking for some kind of work but there was nothing for her. Now she was without a home, friends and food.

Her head was not bowed but held high and her face was lifted as if to receive the gentle warm strokes of the falling rain. She wore the expression of bitter victory and on her lips was a sad, weary smile. If there were tears, they were mingled with the rain and washed away, but she was not unhappy. In her heart there was a song, to her eyes there was beauty in everything. Suddenly, she knew that it was God. She was at peace.

MILDRED WINSLOW,
Form V S.





APRIL FOOL

One April day, the first of all,
There was some fun at Branksome
Hall.

Miss Read did feel exceeding gay,
And so a trick on us did play.
O chocolate cake, O chocolate cake,
Who would have thought you were a
fake?

I raised my knife, Miss Read did
grin,
It wouldn't cut, 'twas only tin!
The moral is, my little man,
That frosting oft conceals a pan.

K. STAMBOUGH, Form V S.

REPRIEVE

Upon a moon-lit couch I lay
Watched the stars in the sky at
play.

They seemed to be caught in a
gauzy net,

Oh, caught is a word for a soul
beset,

Beset by tortures devil-sent,
That sear my soul till I repent,
Forgiveness given, I have my prize,
Have gained at last my paradise.

PEGGY ESSERY, Form V.

THE CLAN MacALPINE

The motto and war-cry of the MacAlpines is: "Remember the death of Alpin". This refers to the murder of King Alpin at the hands of another clan. The motto appears on the crest and is worn in the bonnet along with the badge, a Scotch pine. At our school farm, Clansdale Heights, the MacAlpines have planted a Scotch pine. It stands in front of the house, near the driveway, to remind us, as it roots itself deep in the earth and raises its branches to the skies, to strive up and on and ever to "Keep Well the Road".

BARBARA WAITE,
Form IV.





LAND OF BEAUTY

Along the ridge of silent hills,
And waters pure and blue,
I love to wander all the while
On Nature's soil, don't you?

My house is on a small green hill,
Tall trees are all around,
And close to it a small grey bridge
Ajoining the smooth ground.

And there upon the little bridge
I often love to stand
And watch the rippling waters flow
Along the fresh white sand.

And now I have to go away
And leave my childhood's place,
Oh! how I'll miss this tiny world
Of beauty and of grace.
JEAN SUTHERLAND, Form II B.

"IRISH"

Lanky wolfhound, Tintern Banshee,
Irish was her name for short,
Ne'er a dog was better than she,
Ne'er a pal of better sort.

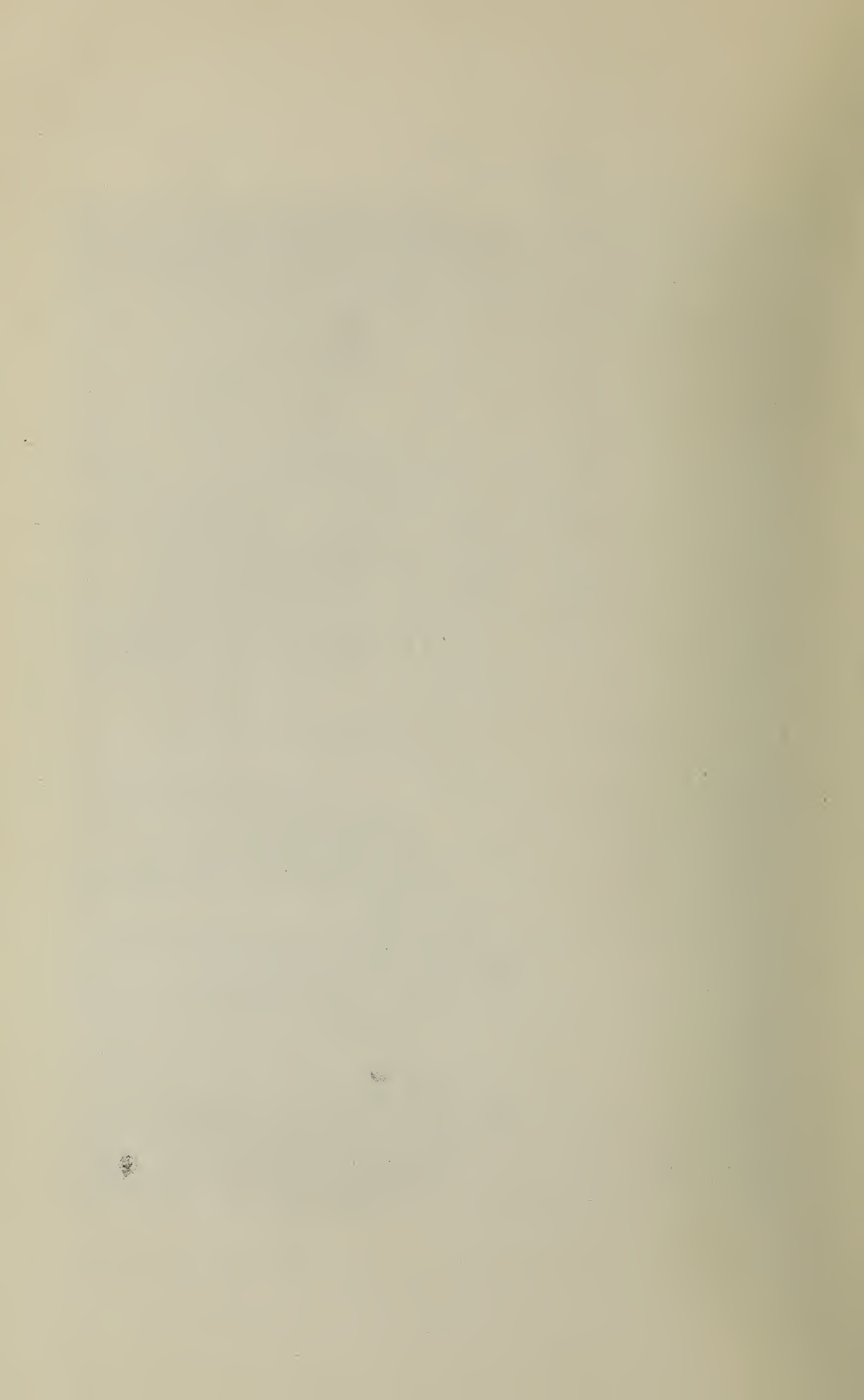
Gentle-natured, tender-hearted,
Loved the young and loved the
old,
Longed to come when we departed,
Always did as she was told.

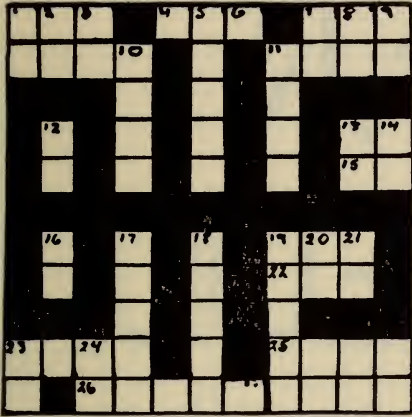
She is gone though, to the land of
Everlasting garbage heaps,
Now she chases fat jack-rabbits,
While, on earth, our family
weeps.

FRANCEAN CAMPBELL,
Form III A.



After a Hard Day's Skiing



**ACROSS**

1. Initials of our school.
4. Guess who?
7. We have it for an hour a week.
11. Abode.
13. Last word of our school song.
15. English for "lui".
19. Definite article.
22. Colour.
23. Loyal and ———.
25. Slang expression.
26. The best school on the continent.

DOWN

1. College degree.
2. His Majesty (abr.).
3. Street (abr.).
5. A hated subject.
7. Depart.
8. Your Majesty (abr.).
9. Ego.
10. New addition to school.
11. Study of our forefathers.
12. Above.
13. Exclamation.
14. French for born.
16. Old English for you.
17. Stream of water.
18. I have ——— taller.
19. Latin for across.

20. Pronoun.
21. Boy's nickname.
23. Truth and Purity (abr.).
24. Alphabetical letters for "you be."

BARBARA THOMAS, Form IV A.

Miss J.—"Now we find that $x=0$."

Pupil—"Heck, all that work for nothing."

Miss P. (sarcastically) "I'm sorry you can't see this theorem. It's the third time I've gone over it."

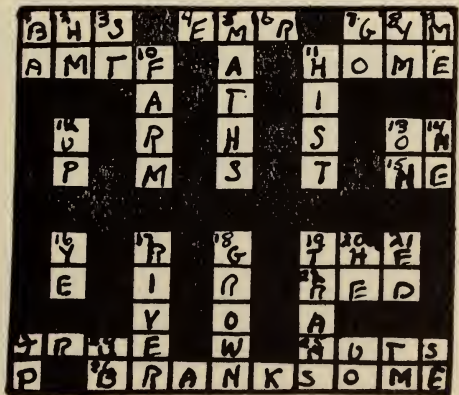
Pupil—"Oh, that's all right, no need to apologize."

Miss C.—"Joy translate 'Passer mortuus est meae puellae'."

Joy (brightly)—"The dead sparrow is my sweetheart."

B. R. to Miss R.—"Oh, Miss R. There's a nail in my chair and its torn my pants."

Miss R.—"All right. Settle down and I'll get Mr. Baillie to attend to it later."



CLAN MACLEOD

R.G.

The Land of the Tally-Ho and Haggis

Burns sang the praise of the haggis but another feature which might well have its praises sung is the Scotch tally-ho, a coach-and-four which awaits us after an interesting trip up Loch Katrine in the small steamer "Sir Walter Scott". On Loch Katrine we saw Ellen's Isle and other places which Scott immortalized in his poem "The Lady of the Lake".

Now, as we drive along in this old-fashioned tally-ho drawn by four horses, we see beautiful scenes to store in the mind as those most typical of Scotland. As in olden times, the driver of the tally-ho wears a red coat and sits on a high front seat, while a coach-boy stands on the low step at the back. Travelling up hill and down dale in this beautiful Trossach district, we occasionally come across a Scotch piper. Sometimes these pipers have with them a small child who dances the Highland Fling, stopping abruptly at the first sign of money being thrown to him.

As we pass along, we see the mountains or "Bens" and on the hillsides, shaggy mountain sheep grazing upon the sparse grass, while down some of these same hills trickles an occasional stream of water from the crags—these are found to end near the age-old peat-bogs from which the Highlanders still get their fuel.

Arriving at Inversnaid, we pause to admire Ben Lomond looming up above Loch Lomond "wrapt" in a purple mist. A little later as our eyes rest for a moment on the road we have just travelled over, we see our tally-ho, which we have just dismissed, slowly wending its way back through the picturesque hills.

Just as the traveller remembers the "jaunting car" of Ireland, he associates the "tally-ho" with Scotland. The Scots themselves seem to prefer the haggis as a favourite tradition, but I think that most of Scotland's visitors enjoy even more, memories of driving among the hills covered with "bonny heather" where history and legend are refreshed by the aid of the old "tally-ho".

MARY PERCY,

Form I B.

A Gondola Ride

The train, which was due at eight o'clock, was two hours late arriving in Venice, and so the stars were shining brightly when my friend and I finally descended the train steps and passed through the wicket out into the clear night air.

We found ourselves standing on the dock, but there was little of the noise and bustle of the daytime. We arranged about our luggage and stepped into an open gondola.

Soon we were floating on the Grand Canal with no sound save for the rippling of the water which was lapping against the sides of the boat. We came to a side canal through which we were to pass. "Hoy", cried our gondolier, his vibrant voice ringing through the stillness and sending a thrill through us both. It was quite dark now and the stillness was so great, we were both awestruck.

Suddenly we were awakened from our respective reveries by the deep, ringing voices of our gondolier and an acquaintance of his whom we were passing. After a short dispute over the right of way they parted and we passed on again into the tranquil solitude. A few more turnings brought us again into the Grand Canal, with the lights of our hotel shining in the distance. We had but to cross this body of water and we were again in the darkness and silence with the stars and the water for company.

We had just begun to wish this journey would never end, when a sharp turn brought us to the dimly lighted doorway of our hotel. We were assisted out of the boat and with a wistful glance at the beauty of the night outside, we passed into the more common luxuries of our accommodations.

DOROTHY JANE GOULDING,

Form I B.



THE HUNT

The red-gold leaves were falling
Upon the autumn ground,
Far off the hunters calling
To many a barking hound.

And still the graceful beast ran on,
O'er hills and over brook
The pack they followed close behind
But ne'er he stopped to look.

Then through the woods like light-
ning
There ran a stately deer,
His graceful antlers shining,
So soon to disappear.

At last the deer reached safety,
Then hours in sleep he spent
And far behind him stood the pack,
For they had lost the scent.

ANN GOODERHAM, Form I B.

An Historic Church

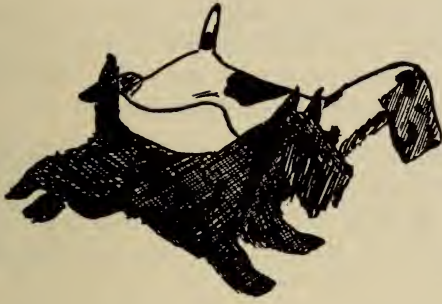
When one gets off the boat at Digby, Nova Scotia, an historic old white church can be seen at Clementsport, twelve miles away. In fact, many years ago, when there was more navigation on the Annapolis River than there is now, the captains of the ships used this beautiful church as a landmark. The old church, high up on "the hill", is framed very beautifully with evergreen trees. Surrounding it are many quaint old grave-stones, some of which are over three hundred years old.

It was built by Dutch and German Loyalists and was originally Lutheran and called "The Church of St. Edward". When it was transferred to the Church of England, a condition was made that a hymn in the Dutch language should be sung every Sunday morning before the beginning of the regular service. This was done until only two were left to sing, with aged voices, the hymns of the Fatherland. Dr. Frederick Boehne, who died in 1818, willed the bell and the communion plate to the church, and these are still in use. The ancient bass viol, which furnished the instrumental music, is preserved, as are also some of the Dutch psalm-books.

The architecture of the old church is Norman, with round-topped windows and doors, and arched ceiling. The timbers are massive and the width of the boards used is a surprise to the modern builders. The pews are of the old square type with doors, hand-made hinges, and nails were used on the roof.

There is one room in the church set aside for a museum and here one can see many old and quaint articles. There are steps built up to the top of the bell-tower where one can view the country for miles around. This church is of great interest to all visitors and attracts crowds every summer.

ELEANOR SMITH,
Form IV B.



THE RESIDENTS OF THE SCOTT HOUSE FIRE-PAIL

There are five gold-fish in a Scott
House fire-pail.
We haven't a cat so they're hearty
and hale.
And round and round they swim.

Skeets was killed by a rock on his
head,
Though he really might have been
underfed.
But round and round they swim.

Skeets was the sixth of this family
of fish,
But down came the rock and he
went squish.
But round and round they swim.

Now only five little gold-fish are
left,
But they do not mourn or look
bereft.
And round and round they swim.

PATRICIA GIBBONS, Form III A.

Mc
LEAN

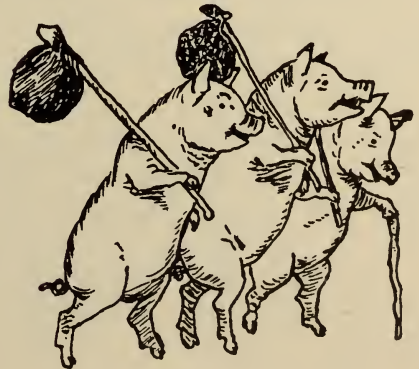
AT THE LAKE OF THE WOODS

The sun of early morning slips
Across the lake, and gently tips
Each ripple with a thread of gold,
And passes on, and comes to you
As silently in your canoe
You sit, and watch it struggle free
From fir and pine and topmost tree,
'Till lake and woods are in its hold.

CONSTANCE O'GRADY,
Form V S.

What is this dreary drudge of life
Against which, we wage a continu-
ous strife,
That mutilates us like a knife
And clings to us like an ugly wife?
Homework.

PATRICIA GIBBONS, Form III A.



They That Go Down to the Sea

The telegraph operator of the little sea-coast village of Mayron brought down his legs from the table with a bang. He leaned forward, and seizing a pencil, began to take down the message which came over the radio. He read it over once, and, without waiting longer, dashed from the building.

He ran about three blocks until he came to a house with a doctor's sign in front and then rang loudly for admittance. The doctor himself came to the door and the man gave him the message and then stood waiting. The doctor was old and his hair was nearly white, but his eyes were still keen and his hands gentle.

"I will go at once, of course," he said after reading the note. "You go now and get a car to drive me to the coast-guard station while I pack a few instruments. If the child is really so ill there is no time to be lost. At the station someone will have a boat to take me to the lighthouse."

The operator soon returned with a car and together they went down to the seashore. As they went along, both noticed the damp, yellow fog which seemed to thicken every minute and at last they crept slowly to the coast-guard station. They left the car and groped their way blindly to the front door, which they flung open and entered.

Several men who were sitting around a table, looked up in surprise as they saw the doctor enter. He came forward and without any greetings explained his errand. He must get to the lighthouse as fast as a boat could take him. There was a sick child there and there was no time to lose. Who would take him?

The men looked at each other and, finally, the oldest one answered.

"We are very sorry to hear about the child," he said, "but just now we cannot offer any help. This fog makes it quite impossible for any boat to put out from shore. Couldn't you wait until the morning when this fog might lift? I would take you over myself then."

"If I don't get there tonight—well, there will probably be no need to go at all. I am quite nervous of the water myself but would willingly trust anyone who would take me over," replied the doctor.

There was a few minutes' silence. All the men knew and respected the doctor and would have given a good deal to take him to the help of the sick child, but each one knew he would be helpless once he lost sight of the shore. The fog was thick and it was only possible to see a few yards. They remained silent and thoughtful.

Suddenly, a child appeared. She had been sitting in a corner playing with her doll and no one had noticed her. She walked slowly to the oldest man and he took her by the hand.

"Daddy," she said, "you know I could drive my little outboard to the

lighthouse. If the doctor is not too nervous to go with me, I'm sure I could get there. I have done it so often before."

"Oh, no!" began the doctor. "If these men will not venture out, how can this child?"

The father looked at his little daughter a minute and finally said, "She is quite right. It is the only way. If you will go with her, sir, she will get you there. She knows the way quite as well, if not better, than I do. There is no need to be nervous. You want to get there tonight and this is the only way."

He took the girl and walked with her down to the shore where her boat lay. The doctor followed and nervously stepped into the small boat which soon left the shore behind and became lost in the fog.

It was a journey the doctor never forgot. The sea was not rough but he had no idea in what direction they were going. The little girl spoke to him now and then as though to assure him that she knew the way. When she was not looking in his direction, he studied her and tried to guess just how far she could see. Sometimes he thought her eyes looked as though they actually were looking through this blank wall. At last, to his great relief, she ran the boat beside a rough wooden dock and the doctor climbed out.

"My dear," he said, "I shall never be able to thank you enough. I have no idea how you could see your way through the fog but it is enough that you have done so. You have saved a life by this kind action."

"I would have told you before," replied the little girl, smiling at him, "but I thought it might make you still more nervous. I have always been quite blind so it makes no difference to me how thick the fog is."

CONSTANCE O'GRADY,

Form V S.



A LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the box

Not a thing could I find to wrap up
my Dad's socks.

I searched all the house from the
top to the ground,

Not even one sticker or card could
be found.

I asked my dear sister in desperate
voice

If she had used up all those of her
choice.

She replied with a smile to rebuke
my sad tear

"I'm awfully sorry, not one left my
dear!"

Then I hurried to Bob, who was
just going out,

He said "I don't know but I very
much doubt

If I have. You can look in my top
drawer and see.

If any are left that's where they
will be."

I dashed up the stairs and pawed
through his drawer

But found none though I dumped
all his stuff on the floor.

After calling and getting no answer
from mother

I made up my mind to try the kid
brother.

I quickly tip-toed to his end of the
hall

And even got down on my poor
knees to crawl.

(For supposedly he was asleep in
his bed,

And could not be wakened) then
softly I said,

"Billy, wake up, but don't make any
noise."

(You never can count on six-year-
old boys.)

He sat up in bed and I said, "Billy,
please"

The answer I got was a very loud
sneeze,

"Could I borrow some stickers,
some paper and string?"

And to my amazement he said not
a thing.

But out of his pocket he drew like
a flash

Some stickers and paper with all
sorts of trash.

I grabbed them and made for the
door but he cried

"Hey, wait," so again I went back
to his side.

"If I give you these things for noth-
ing," said he,

"Will you fix it so Santa brings a
dump-truck to me?"

I answered, "All right, if you'll get
back to bed."

For I knew that downstairs was a
dump-truck in red.

Then back to my room with my
treasure I ran

And to wrap up my present I once
more began.

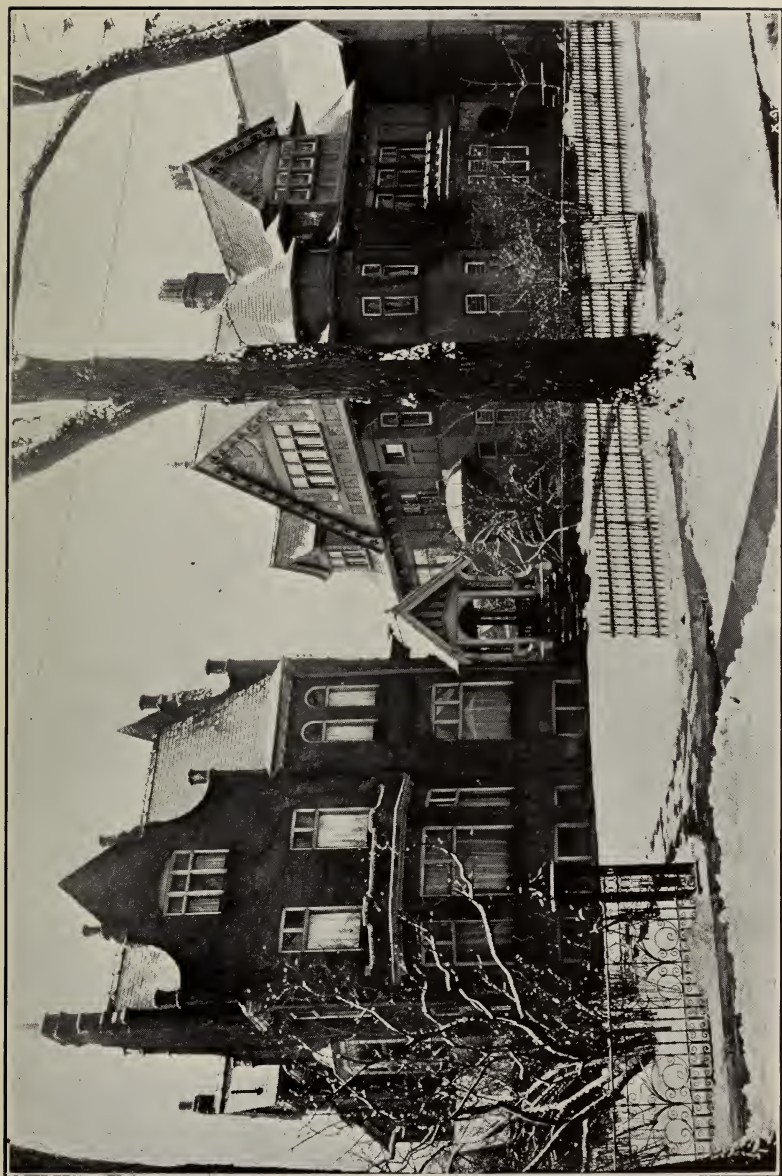
Shortly after I laid at the foot of
our tree

The present which caused so much
trouble for me.

(The moral of this has been proved
in the past.

It indeed doesn't pay to leave
things to the last.)

BETTY HARRISON, Form IV A.



Two of the Residences

A Ride in the Rockies

While in the West last summer, I enjoyed many fine rides. Those in the neighbourhood of Banff Springs Hotel were the loveliest.

One day I shall always remember. The sky was of a brilliant blue with tiny, white, fleecy clouds scudding across it.

On leaving the hotel, we climbed a steep path lined on both sides with tall trees and, finally, reached a clearing where we paused for a moment to view the scene before us.

It was breath-taking! At our feet, the Bow River rushed along, the water as clear as a mirror. Beyond towered Mount Rundle, its lofty peaks standing clear-cut against the azure sky.

Descending again, we passed along beside the golf-links with its rolling, velvety greens. Sprinklers are used frequently on this course, and our guide told us that in the evening, when there are not many people about, the bears come out and stand beneath the sprinklers in order to cool off!

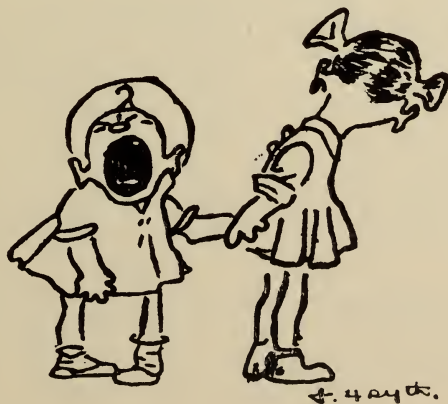
We next crossed the Bow River and paused again on the opposite side to view the hotel which blends perfectly with its surroundings, being built of stone taken from the mountains.

After wending our way for a time along the river bank, we crossed it again and started to climb towards the hotel. Our horses, which, so far, had been rather lazy, now quickened their pace. They knew very well that they were going home!

We were fortunate enough to pass the hotel kitchens just at the time when the scraps were thrown out for the bears. Five huge bruins and one little one were there when we passed. Visitors are warned not to go too close to these bears, but one can go within thirty feet of them, and that is close enough! The little fellow had his own ideas as to how to eat. He had squatted down in the very midst of a pile of crusts and seemed to be eating his way out!

We returned to the corral, reluctant to dismount, after one of the most beautiful rides I have ever enjoyed.

BETTY FLAVELLE,
Form IV B.





LUX AND LEGS

During the Easter term, the Chemistry class greatly enjoyed a visit to a well known Soap Factory, —hence the following.

We went to Lather Brothers,
All uniformed and neat,
To see them make the soap and
things
That keep us clean and sweet.

They said, for it was very hot,
“Oh, take your coats off, please,
Before you make inspection of
Our inner premisees.”

We did as they had bade us,
But when they saw us next,
They cast one look upon our limbs,
Then said in accents vexed.

“Oh, go and put your coats on,
girls;
It really wouldn't do

To let our workers get a glance
At lassies such as you.”

“Those long, alluring, lisle-clad legs
Would cause our men to stare,
Distract their minds away from
work.

Oh, girls, we pray, forbear.”

“Oh, cover up those lower limbs,
Those shapely black supporters.
You cannot visit, in that state,
The Lather Brothers' quarters.”

Reluctantly we hid our legs,
Which was a kindly action,
For we were dying to behold
The masculine reaction.

But each of us was seen to smile,
While slowly contemplating
That, though we might be plain as
plain,

Our legs were fascinating.

KATHARINE CANNON,

Form IV A.

TICKET TACTICS

The orange scholars' street-car tickets issued by the T.T.C. are void if not used before 4.30 p.m. Consequently, many conversations like the following may be heard daily after that time:—

Conductor—What colour was the ticket
That you dropped into the box?

Girl— Er—may I have a transfer, please;
I'm getting off at Bay?

Conductor—What colour was the ticket
That

Girl— . . . Well really, I can't say—
I'm colour-blind, and have been since
A baby in long frocks.
The doctor did his very best,
But, as I say

Conductor— Enough!
That was a Scholar's ticket,
And I won't stand any bluff.
You realize Miss, so I suppose,
Just what the time now is?

Girl— Well, no,—I lent my watch to Dad,
'Cause Isabelle broke his.

Conductor—Young lady, let me warn you,
There's no need to talk that way:
My duty is my duty,
And I won't be led astray.
Those scholars' tickets must be in
Before 4.30's past,
And rules is rules, and, what is more,
They're very hard and fast!
The Eastern Daylight Standard Time
Lacks now, I beg to state,
But seconds three of 5 o'clock!
You're 30 minutes late!

Girl— Good heavens! Ye gods, how time does fly!
I really am a silly.
It takes me ages to get home—
My soup will be quite chilly.

Conductor—That's quite enough, young lady:
You're name, please, and address?
The lawyers of the company,
When they're in readiness,

Girl—

Will call upon your father
 And discuss the situation.
 One has to put one's foot down
 With the younger generation!

It's awfully sweet of you to be
 So very understanding.
 I've always thought conductors
 Just the nicest sort of men.
 My transfer, please?
 Oh, thanks just tons!
 Your transfers are
 Such pretty ones.
 Good-bye, dear sir;
 This won't occur
 Again.

K. CANNON, Form IV A.

**WHEN**

When the warm winds blow,
 And the muddy snow
 Speedily melts away;
 When the streams run clear,
 And every one
 Sparkles with magic
 In the sun,
 Well, then you'll know
 That the winter's done,
 And the summer has come to stay.

When first you thrill
 To a bird's high trill,
 And the butterflies appear;
 When every bough
 Shines freshly green,
 And small brown nests
 Are built between,
 You'll know, by the signs
 You've heard and seen,
 That summer is really here.

K. CANNON, Form IV A.

A LESSON IN PRONUNCIATION

Address by the Governor of Newfoundland to B. H. S. on All Fool's Day, 1936.

Dear Little Girls:

I am the governor of *Newfoundland* and I have come all this distance to see you and to bring you *news* of the land of the codfish.

I must say that I had some difficulty in finding your *address* but a little *squirrel* directed me here. He said that I might be a *duke* in my own country, but I was a mere nut, compared with the *quintuplets* in Ontario.

It is the custom of distinguished visitors, like myself, to ask your worthy principal, Miss Read, to give you little girls a holiday, and this, I hope, she will do in my honour next Saturday. Also, I have brought you a nice bag of *caramels*, which I have entrusted to Miss Shaw and I *bade* her distribute them as *often* as possible.

So now I will leave you with a hearty invitation to visit *Newfoundland*.

NANCY STIRRETT, Form IV A.



THE FEELINGS OF AN OLD HOMESTEAD

An aged structure though I was,
Worn and cracked and beaten—
By the gusts of winter's anger,
By the heat of summer's fever,
Seeming to the outward view
Tired of life and all things new.
Still my empty rooms bemoaned
The gone but not-forgotten clatter,
Of youth and play and childish glee,
Sounds that no more came to me.
Wishes come not true, they say,
Yet, when I was on the brink
Of tottering beneath the strain
Of nature's violent tempers,
I felt a grip—a steadying hand—
Clutch my shattered frame,
Bringing to my lonely rooms
That cheerful gaiety again.
Now, that I am so transformed,
Strong, and firm, and steady,
I feel that life has sprung anew
For see—I am a home to you
Who seek safe shelter within my
warm embrace.

BETTY WILLIAMSON,
Form V.



MINNEGAGA
(Apologies to Longfellow)

Now the snow and ice have vanished

And the spring has come to Brank-
some

And the air is warm—or almost.

Yet it is a place of sadness;

Almost all the squaws are squawk-
ing,

Almost all are brooding deeply

For it is the Moon of School Tests,

Just one step from departmentals,

Which are worse than Oil of Castor,

Worse than Sulphate of Magnesium.

When the maidens meet at meal-
time

One can hear above their eating,

Even hear above their talking,

Sighs which indicate their sorrow,

Sighs which show they suffer
deeply

Or else show they eat too quickly.

Take the case of Minnegaga—

In the fall and through the winter
She was always bright and cheerful
Liking teas and also parties,
Liking all the games of rugby,
Tho' not knowing what the score
was.

Now her face is sad and palid

And she hardly uses lipstick—

More than every fifteen minutes.

Once she met her friends so gaily—

“H'ya Kay” and “H'ya Arthur”

Now she merely murmurs “Uh
huh.”

For her mind flies to her troubles,

To the crowded field of Latin

Where the words grow long and
toughly:

To the dizzy maze of figures

All mixed up with signs and letters.

If 'tis known that things are equal

Why should one be asked to prove
it?

Seems like such a waste of paper,

Not to mention all the anguish.

After dinner she does study
 After reading all the comics
 After doing her daily 'phoning,
 Takes a book and tries to study—
 Study makes poor Minnie sleepy,
 Worry makes poor Minnie sleep-
 less.

Really it is too, too awful
 For the answers are the questions.
 Sad the case of Minnegaga.

HELEN STEPHENS, Form V.

THE DAILY WHIRL

She came one morn at nine a.m.
 Was soon put in form first,
 With hours of Latin and French
 began
 Her tortured life accursed.

When lunch was over she went to
 bed
 To have a brief sweet nap,
 She was no sooner settled, than,
 There came a hurried tap.

"Out for your air", an ogre boomed,
 She plunged out with a sigh
 To breathe the air that a polar bear
 Would breathe, and freeze, and die.

The half-hour passed, she went in-
 side
 So cold she was nearly dead.
 Then breathlessly she dressed,
 studied, ate,
 Then studied again—and so to bed.

And now she's back in her second
 year
 She's managed to survive,
 But even yet she couldn't tell
 Just why she's still alive.

MARGARET KROEHLE,
 Form II A

THE BRANKSOME GHOST

When all the prefects are old and
 grey
 And every girl grown up—

Then, only then, the ghost will
 walk,
 The ghost of Branksome Hall,
 Who cannot sing, who cannot talk,
 But can, and has, seen All.

Up and down the halls he'll roam,
 His small eyes gleaming bright
 As, gliding softly through his home,
 With moans he fills the night.

And so, through all the years,
 through all
 The days and months together,
 Live on, thou ghost of Branksome
 Hall!
 Live on, O Ghost, forever.

JEAN CAMPBELL, Form II A.





GARDENING

When spring-time comes
Straight out I go,
Some holes to dig
And seeds to sow.

Finding slugs
To throw away;
Unwelcome guests
That want to stay.

I show no mercy
To the pests,
Which every gardener
Detests.

My next-door neighbour,
Mrs. Jones,
A garden has, that's
Full of stones.

She doesn't mind
A bug or two,
As no harm there
A bug can do.

CHRISTINE PEARSE,

Intermediate.

THE SWIMMING POOL

Every day, soon after school,
We take a plunge in the swimming
pool,
The Juniors all do jump right in
And with a dive begin to swim.

Can you do every fancy dive,
Or like me do you merely strive?
Water sports are lots of fun,
And are enjoyed by everyone.

ZILLAH CAUDWELL, Jr. IV.

SPRING

Spring is here with us again.
First came the snow, then April
rain

A-pattering on the window pane.
The little snow-drop lifts her head,
The crocus from her mossy bed,
The little birds begin to sing
And there is joy in everything.

MARGERY MEIER, Intermediate.

There was a cat
He lay on a mat
He ate a rat
And got very fat.

VIRGINIA GOODERHAM, Jr. I.



SUB-PREFECTS

1. Nancy Stirrett, Gretta Riddell. 2. Catherine Bryans, Phyllis Sinclair, Helen Sutherland, Milly Enge. 3. Katharine Cannon, Betty Marshall, Kathleen Stambaugh, Helen Spencer.



CLASS PRESIDENTS

Back 1. Jane Morgan, Eleanor Willard. 2. Elizabeth Trees, Jean Campbell, Jean Stirling, Betty Marshall, Marion Little, Nancy Walker. 3. Dorothy Jane Goulding, Nancy Fairley, Patricia Gundy.

MY EASTER HOLIDAYS

Every Easter I go to Atlantic City for my holidays, as I like the sea air. There is a wide board walk, which is ten miles long, and there are also several piers built straight out into the ocean. On some of the piers they have movies and other entertainments, as well as wild animals.

The water is too cold to go in swimming in the ocean, but there are many other things to do and see. In the morning I go horse-back riding for half an hour along the sand just beside the water, and then I play in the sand building castles and all kinds of other things. Sometimes in the morning we go away out on one of the piers and watch the fishermen bring in the fish they have caught. There are all kinds and sizes of fish and some of the very large ones eat the smaller ones.

After dinner I go out on the sun porch to read and watch the horses trot by on the beach and the people go by on the board walk. On Easter Sunday there are such crowds of people on the walk that I do not go out, but watch them from the hotel. On other days we sometimes go for a walk on the promenade, to a movie, shopping, to an auction sale, or for a drive in a pony cart along the sand, or a ride in a wheel chair pushed by a coloured man, or, if there are not too many people on the walk sometimes I go for a bicycle ride. After we return to the hotel, sometimes I go down stairs to the children's

play room, or else to the older people's sports room where there are all kinds of indoor games to play.

When supper is over I listen to the orchestra for a while and then go for another walk, or to some kind of entertainment in the hotel.

After so much fresh air and sunshine I am ready for my bed at night, and with my window wide open the last sounds I hear are the waves on the shore.

KATHARINE E. KEMP, Jr. III.



A DOG'S LIFE

I am a thoroughbred mongrel dog,
Most people call me silly.
Why even little mistress frog
Says that I'm worse than Milly.

Milly is a lazy cat,
Who sleeps within the stable,
And every day she grows more fat,
While I snooze beneath the table.

Oh dear! I think I'll go insane;
I hear my master talking,
He'll slip me on that heavy chain
And then he'll take me walking.

PAMELA GILMOUR, Jr. IV.



THE LIFE STORY OF MY DOG

One day when we were driving in the country we saw a black spot. And when we came nearer we saw that it was a dog. So we picked it up and found that it was very thin. I saw a little piece of paper on his collar. I took it off and this is what it said: "Whoever finds this dog can have it."

And so we kept him and took him home and cared for him. One day as he was out on the grass, a car was coming along very fast, and it slid off the road and went over the dog's leg. It was very sore, but it got better, and he is all right again. In a few days we were moving to the city, and so we gave him away to friends who will be good to him.

MARY JEAN HALL, Jr. III.

THE FIRST CROCUS

First little crocus
Peeping out from the snow,
Is it any wonder
We welcome you so?

Yellow and purple,
You're the first sign of spring,

Then comes the robin,
His sweet song to sing.

SUZETTE LIVINGSTONE,
Intermediate.

CURLY-TAIL

There was a little rabbit
Whose name was Curly-tail,
And he lived with his aunt
At the bottom of the lane.

They made a cozy little nest,
Underneath the tree,
And all lived together
As happy as could be.

VIRGINIA GOODERHAM, Jr. I.

MY KITTEN

This is my kitten I'm writing about,
He is a beauty without a doubt!
There he lies, a ball of grey fluff,
Softer than a powder puff.
He blinks at the birds as they
flutter by;

Giving a funny little cry.
I wonder what his dreams can be,
As he lies curled beneath the tree.

NANCY-BELLE MANN,
Intermediate.

THE BLIND BIRD

The night was very dark and still:
Rosemary lay in bed,
Something tapped on the window-sill,

At least, so Rosemary said,
Something fluttered on to her bed;
Rosemary shrieked and cried,
She thought it a ghost, but found,
instead,

'Twas a baby bird, blind-eyed.

JOAN CANNON, Jr. III.

MY HISTORY

My name is Wimpy and I am a puppy. I am going to tell you my history. The first thing I remember is the opening of my eyes. I was very surprised when, after crawling blindly around for a day or two, my eyes suddenly popped wide open, but I shut them faster than they opened, for the light blinded me.

I opened them again soon and discovered that I was in a big cage with my mother and a lot of other puppies. That night a man and a woman came and looked at us all. The man seemed to like me best.

"Can he lap?" the man asked. "I don't know, I have not tried," my master said. He brought me a saucer of milk. I did not know what to do with it, so I wagged my tail and waited for someone to do

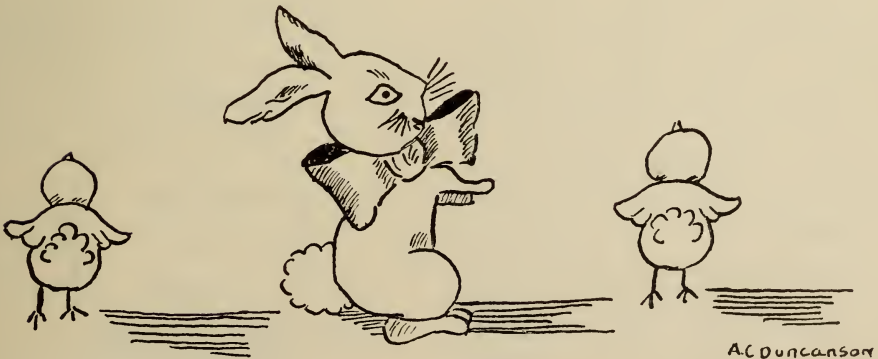
something. My master stepped forward and dipped my nose in the milk so I licked the milk off my nose. My master did it again and soon I understood that I had to lap up the milk.

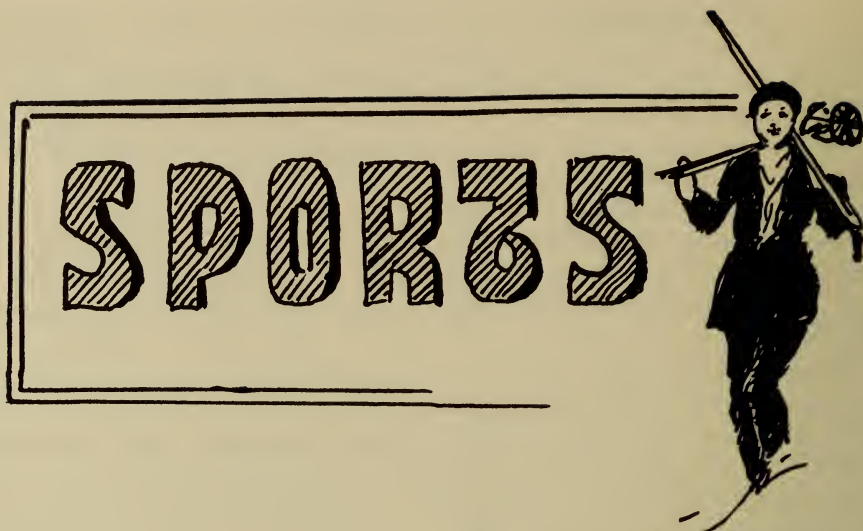
The man said he would buy me. (What does that mean?) I was packed in a crate and when I peeped out I saw trees moving past us very fast and it frightened me so much that I did not look out again till someone carried me somewhere and pulled open the lid of the crate and put me in a nice bed.

I had been in my new home only a few weeks when a truck ran into me on the drive.

I have still a limp but am quite happy and that is all my history so far.

JOAN CANNON, Jr. III.





Gym Display

The most successful of all May Day demonstrations this year was held in the Varsity Arena when the girls of Branksome Hall presented their annual physical training demonstration before an enthusiastic crowd of more than two thousand people.

At eight fifteen the pipers led the school into the Arena for the singing of "God Save the King", and the customary placing of the flags by the prefects. A Maypole dance appropriately opened the well-arranged programme and was followed by rhythmic exercises, games, folk-dances, marching, and the Junior singing games.

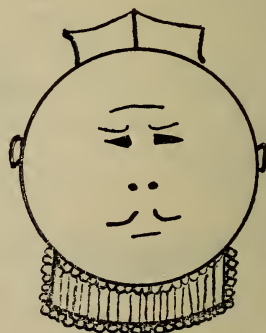
The special features of the evening were the work of a large class of over one hundred girls and of a smaller special group which executed difficult exercises and jumps.

The finale was most effective. For this the entire school formed a square

about the prefects who held the school flags, while at the corners girls in white represented the many sports enjoyed at Branksome.

The general opinion is that this year's demonstration surpassed those held in previous years. This is a high compliment to Miss Smellie and Miss Campbell, whose intensive work and careful planning were responsible for its success.

AUDREY PIDDINGTON
(Clan Campbell).



LOOK AT THIS
UP-SIDE-DOWN

BASKETBALL

It is in the fall term that the friendship between our different schools becomes greater through the medium of our basketball teams. The game increases in popularity every year and it grows more and more difficult to select a small group of girls to represent the school in our games against other colleges.

Although our scores this season were not as outstanding as last year's, all of our games were well played and we feel that both sides were satisfied with the results. We were particularly successful in having a group of girls who were enthusiastic throughout the season and whose sportsmanship was outstanding in every game and we should like to take this opportunity to thank the members of both the first and second teams for their co-operation.

Our matches included the play-off against the old girls and a very interesting game at Moulton College. We played two matches against Bishop Strachan, Havergal College and Hatfield Hall and our only regret is that we did not have enough time to play against other schools.

First Team

Captain — Betty Williamson

Forwards—Catherine Bryans.
Barbara Thomas

Centres — Margaret Davison
Audrey Piddington
Barabara Parker

Guards — Marion Little
Betty Williamson

First Team Scores

Old Girls	3	Present Girls	14
Moulton	7	B. H. S.	19
Havergal	18	B. H. S.	7
B. S. S.	20	B. H. S.	13
Hatfield Hall	20	B. H. S.	16

The Return Game Scores Were

Hatfield Hall	24	B. H. S.	15
Havergal	9	B. H. S.	7
B. S. S.	21	B. H. S.	22

BETTY WILLIAMSON

(Clan Ross).

BADMINTON

During the badminton season many strenuous, but enjoyable, games were played in our own gymnasium, as well as once a week on the St. Paul's courts. It was our good fortune to have the able instruction of Miss Henderson and Mr. Grey.

Katharine Cannon was the winner of the inter-clan singles, while the doubles, which were not confined to the clans, were won by Katharine Cannon and Catherine Bryans. An interesting match was played with the "Old Girls" on our own courts and a number of us spent an enjoyable afternoon at the Badminton and Racquet Club.

Badminton has become a favorite sport at Branksome and we hope that next year it will be even more popular.

MARGARET DAVISON

(Clan MacAlpine).

JOY FORSYTH

(Clan Douglas).



SWIMMING

Last fall the Life Saving classes began again with renewed enthusiasm and many awards were won. Catherine Bryans won a First Class Instructor's Certificate and Joyce Phillips a Second Class Instructor's Certificate. The Bronze Medal was won by Jean Campbell, Elizabeth Dickie, Joan Franks, Mary Holme, Margaret Kroehle and Jean Sutherland; the Elementary Certificate by Nancy Fairley, Audrey Joy Lyons, Mary MacMillan, Patricia Romeyn, and Ann Saunders; and the Intermediate Certificate by Anne Henderson, Helen McArthur, Peggy

Phair, Peggy Purvis, and Rosemary Thompson. We were all very proud when Miss Campbell was awarded the Honorary Instructor's Certificate by the Royal Life Saving Society.

At the Spring Meet last year Helen Turner won the Senior Swimming Cup and Nancy Walker the Lenore Gooderham Cherry Cup.

A Clan Swimming Meet was held in the fall in which there were many events and the competition was very keen. This meet was won by the Stewart Clan.

BUNTY BIRKETT

(Clan Campbell).



SKIING

This winter, skiing became one of the major sports of the girls at Branksome. Formerly there was a week-end during which the girls went north to ski, but with the purchase made by the school of the farm—Clansdale Heights—skiing has become a bi-weekly event for both boarders and day pupils.

The school was permitted to use the fifty miles of ski trails of the Toronto Ski Club, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the sport. One of the more hazardous

trails for the less experienced skiers is Banana Skin Bend where many a fall has been witnessed amid shouts of laughter.

The most picturesque trails are Silver Birch, which crosses the school property, and Snow Flake Valley, where all the trails converge.

Many happy days have been spent on the trails and all the girls are looking forward to others yet to come.

HELEN DORFMAN

(Clan McLeod).



Voluble guide in soap factory to wide-eyed B. H. S. girls as he accidentally pointed toward red-faced man, "And this, young ladies, is Infants' Delight!"

(Clan Ross).

Miss P. to M. W. in Geometry—"I don't like your figure M. it's too flat."

(Clan Campbell).

Miss A.—"Latin is a subject which cannot be done in a hurry. Now let us hurry on."

Miss R. in Int. Dec. — "Some people buy a table to place in a room, and then build around the table."

M. E.—"What if the room gets there first?"



THE CAROL SERVICE

One of the most impressive events of our school year is the annual carol service, which originated many years ago and which has each year increased in its popularity. This year it was again held at Westminster United Church, on Sunday, December the fifteenth.

Little Kathleen Deacon, carrying a silver star, led the processional, followed by Betty Williamson and the prefects carrying the school flags. The sub-prefects were next in order, followed by the rest of the school, singing "O Come All Ye Faithful".

The altar was beautiful in its simplicity, decorated with lilies and white tapers which made a very effective background.

The school under the direction of Miss Shaw rendered many beautiful carols, both old and new, from countries all over the world.

At the close of the service a tableau was presented portraying the Nativity with Mary, Joseph, and the Angels, grouped effectively around the Cradle.

The recessional, "The First Nowell" brought to a close this beautiful service.

HELEN SPENCER

(Clan MacGregor).

THE SCHOOL DANCE

Our annual school dance was held on Friday, February the seventh. The guests, numbering about two hundred and fifty, were received at the entrance to the gymnasium by Miss Read and Betty Williamson.

The walls were attractively decorated with clan banners and in the corners of the room the school flags were draped. A profusion of gaily-coloured balloons, which were lowered later in the evening, added an atmosphere of festivity to the scene.

Excellent music was provided throughout the evening by Harry Munroe's orchestra. Supper was served in the dining room after which the dancing continued until one o'clock. Everyone thought it one of the most enjoyable evenings of the year.

LOUISE JAMIESON

(Clan Campbell).



*HEAD GIRL
Betty Williamson.*



TENNIS AND BADMINTON

1. Barbara Wright, Barbara Parker. 2. Catherine Bryans, Katharine Cannon.

Opheleo

The missionary and social service activities of our school are carried on each year under the supervision of the Opheleo Society. Our first collection was made in the fall term when we held our annual "Ramabai" week, during which time fifty dollars was saved by the boarders economizing on food. This, together with money collected at the Friday night entertainment, was sent to the Ramabai Mission in India and to Avantika, our Indian orphan.

We again sent papers and magazines to the Government construction camps up north and held our tag day for the blind.

Perhaps our most interesting work was providing for ten poor families at Christmas time. Toys, clothing and food were brought by the girls and plentiful boxes were made up and delivered the day before Christmas. The pleasure with which these were received was indeed reward for the time spent on them.

Every week during Lent we collected money and this fund was sent to the Branksome Hall bed at Ludhiana and to Rahda, an Indian teacher, whom we support.

Our year's work ends with the Strawberry Festival, which is held the last Friday of the summer term. The proceeds of this are sent to the summer fresh air camps.

We feel that we have had a most successful and interesting year, our total collections from Easter 1935 to Easter 1936 being \$559.00.

BETTY WILLIAMSON

(Clan Ross).

BETA KAPPA

The Beta Kappa has just completed a most successful year. The annual Hallowe'en Masquerade which took place on Friday evening, November first, was more than usually enjoyable, largely due to the "feature" put on by Miss Read and the members of the staff, representing a scene in London during King George's Jubilee. This pageant gave the girls an opportunity of realizing how very handsome is our Royal family.

Among the form plays presented during the year were:

Form V—Thirty Minutes in a Street.

A Cure for Colds.

Catherine Parr.

Form IV—The Sequel.

Mix Well and Stir.

The Crimson Cocoa-nut.

The Traitor.

Form III—Dinner at Seven Sharp.

A Perplexing Situation.

Relax.

Form V S—The Advantages of Being Shy.

The Weigh of All Flesh.

Form IV S—Between the Soup and the Savoury.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

Form II—The Aunt from California.

These Women! These Women!

The Mystery.

Form I—Nicholas Nickleby.

The Teeth of the Gift Horse.

A new plan in connection with some of the senior plays was that

they were prepared and acted by the girls without assistance, the production being criticized on the night of its presentation. This helpful and appreciative estimate of the work resulted in much improvement in the dramatic work done by the school.

BETSY TREES, Clan McLean.



Library Day

The following have made gifts to the library of books or money in connection with "Library Day":

Miss Bowlby
Catherine Bryans
Joan Cannon
Katharine Cannon
Jean Campbell
Francean Campbell
Joyce Caudwell
Zillah Caudwell
Sally Chapman
Alice Cochrane
Elizabeth Coulthard
Miss Craig
Ann Duff
Margaret Essery
Betty Flavelle
Mary Gall
Shelagh Gilmour
Haldane Goodeve
Mary Glendinning
Susan Goulding

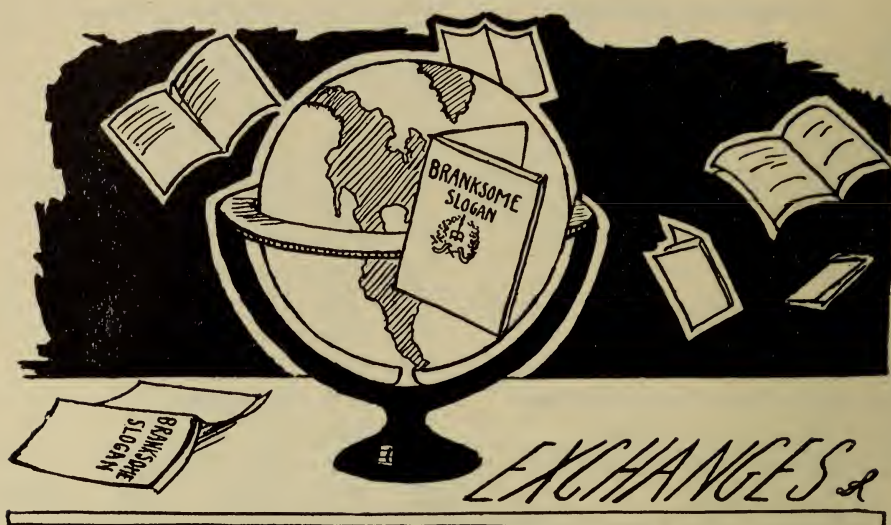
Patricia Gundy
Betty Harrison
Eleanor Henderson
Dorothy Hoyle
Phyllis Holden
Jean Lander
Marion Little
Miss MacLaggan
Miss MacNeill
Peggy McKelvey
Miss McMichael
Joan Mitchell
Nancy Mills
Molly Morton
Margaret Mountain
Jane Morgan
Johan Nathanson
Beth Nelson
Audrey Piddington
Betty Piddington

Miss Phillips
Miss Read
Eleanor Reed
Miss Robinson
Katharine Roberts
Beth Rogers
Marjorie Schuch
Rosemary Sheppard
Miss Shaw
Miss Sime
Mrs. Steele
Miss Smellie
Nancy Stirrett
Joan Tamblyn
Barbara Thomas
Elizabeth Trees
Miss Tyrrell
Aileen Winslow
Patricia Whittall
Mary Young

Calendar—1935-1936

- Sept. 11th—House Girls enter.
 Sept. 12th—School re-opens.
 Sept. 13th—Corn Roast.
 Sept. 20th—Gathering of the Clans.
 Sept. 23rd—Installation of Prefects.
 Sept. 26th—Madame Butterfly.
 Sept. 29th—Miss Loud.
 Oct. 1st—B. Ball, Moulton vs. B.H.
 Oct. 1st—"Tannhauser".
 Oct. 2nd—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.
 Oct. 3rd—Fifth Form luncheon.
 Oct. 3rd—Autumn Picnic.
 Oct. 4th—B. Ball, Old Girls vs. Present.
 Oct. 5th—B. Ball, B.S.S. vs. B.H.
 Oct. 6th—Evangeline Booth.
 Oct. 9th—B. Ball, H.L.C. vs. B.H.
 Oct. 15th—B. Ball, B.S.S. vs. B.H.
 Oct. 16th—Third Form picnic.
 Oct. 17th—Fourth Form picnic.
 Oct. 19th—"Rose Marie".
 Oct. 22nd—Junior Picnic.
 Oct. 22nd—Lotte Lehmann.
 Oct. 24th—Alumnae Tea.
 Oct. 25th—Ramabai.
 Nov. 1st—Masquerade.
 Nov. 2nd—B. Ball, B.H. vs. H.L.C.
 Nov. 8th—Long Week-end.
 Nov. 12th—B. Ball, B.S.S. vs. B.H.
 Nov. 15th—Fifth Form plays.
 Nov. 16th—B. Ball, Hatfield vs. B.H.
 Nov. 21st—Russian ballet.
 Nov. 22nd—Fourth Form plays.
 Nov. 23rd—Winter Fair.
 Nov. 27th—Junior Meeting.
 Dec. 13th—Carol Service.
 Dec. 17th—Christmas Dinner.
 Dec. 18th—School closed.
 Jan. 9th—School re-opened.
 Jan. 10th—Miss Saunders.
 Jan. 17th—Skating party.
 Jan. 19th—Mrs. H. D. Warren.
 Jan. 20th—Kubelik.
 Jan. 24th—Staff play.
 Jan. 31st—Granite Club Carnival.
 Feb. 7th—Dance.
 Feb. 12th—Macbeth.
 Feb. 14th—Third Form Plays.
 Feb. 18th—Symphony.
 Feb. 21st—Five Special.
 Feb. 26th—Hart House.
 Feb. 28th—Granite Club Skating Elimination Contest.
 Mar. 6th—Week-end.
 Mar. 13th—Badminton, B.H. vs. Badminton Club.
 Mar. 17th—Symphony.
 Mar. 18th—"La Maternelle".
 Mar. 20th—Disraeli.
 Apr. 1st—Art lecture.
 Apr. 3rd—Badminton.
 Apr. 8th—School closed.
 Apr. 21st—School re-opened.
 Apr. 25th—Alumnae Dinner.
 May 1st—P.T. Demonstration.
 May 8th—Bell Telephone Co. lecture.
 May 22nd—Week-end.
 May 29th—Swimming Competition.
 May 30th—Niagara.
 June 3rd—Matric. dinner.
 June 5th—Strawberry Festival.
 June 9th—Picnic.
 June 10th—Closing.





*"The Samara," Elmwood School,
Ottawa.*

A very attractive magazine. Your pictures are exceptionally interesting.

*"The Saint Andrew's College
Review," Aurora, Ontario.*

Excellent literary work. Could we suggest a few more drawings?

"Trafalgar Echoes," Montreal.

A few jokes would brighten up your book. Very commendable stories and poetry.

*"The Ludemus," Havergal College,
Toronto.*

A thorough review of school activities and excellent drawings. Your editors deserve congratulations.

*"The Annual," Burnaby South High
School, New Westminster, B.C.*

Very good sports pictures. Could

we suggest that you confine your advertisements to one section?

*"Westmount High School Annual,"
Westmount, Quebec.*

A fine joke section, but could there not be a few more drawings other than headings?

*"The Pibroch," Strathallan School,
Hamilton.*

A novel editorial and very interesting poetry. An attractive magazine.

*"The Voyageur," Pickering College,
Newmarket.*

Athletic section outstanding. Could you have a few more drawings?

"The Lower Canada College Magazine," Montreal.

Well-written stories and interesting accounts of school activities.

"The Study Chronicle," The Study,
Montreal.

Good photographs. Drawings
would add interest to your pages.

"The Adventure," Magee High
School, Vancouver.

A well-planned magazine.

"The Branksome Slogan" takes
great pleasure in acknowledging the
following:

"The Tallow Dip," Netherwood,
Rothesay, New Brunswick.

"The Ovenden," Barrie, Ontario.

"The Edgehill Review," Windsor,
Nova Scotia.

"The Bishop Strachan School Maga-
zine," Toronto.

"The Northland Echo," North Bay,
Ontario.

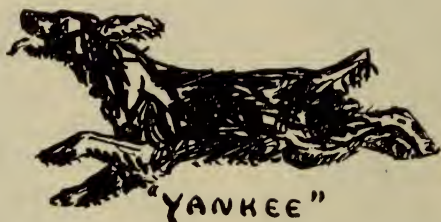
"The College Times," Upper Canada
College, Toronto.

"The Windsorian," King's College
School, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

"The Peptimist," Mimico High
School, Mimico.

B. WILLIAMSON
(Clan Ross).





Prefects

Betty Williamson.

"Is life worth living? Yes, so long

As there is wrong to right".

Comes from Toronto.

Positions held: Head Girl, President of Opheleo and Captain of the first basketball team.

Next year: Plans to enter Wellesley Hospital.

Betsy Trees.

"And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies".

Comes from Toronto.

Positions held: President of the Beta Kappa and of the Fifth Form.

Next year: Plans to attend Varsity.

Katharine Roberts.

"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize".

Comes from Toronto.

Position held: Member of Beta Kappa Committee.

Next year: Plans to return to Branksome.

Audrey Piddington.

"A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power".

Comes from Toronto.

Position held: Member of Beta Kappa Committee and Chieftain of the Campbell Clan.

Next year: Plans to attend Varsity.

Louise Jamieson.

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,

Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies".

Comes from Durham, Ont.

Position held: Vice-president of Opheleo.

Next year: Plans to enter Wellesley Hospital.



BASKETBALL

Betty Williamson, Barbara Parker, Margaret Davison, Marion Little, Catherine Bryans, Barbara Thomas, Audrey Piddington.



PREFECTS

Louise Jamieson, Elizabeth Trees, Betty Williamson, Katharine Roberts, Audrey Piddington.

ALUMNAE



Officers

Hon. President—Miss Read.

President—Mary McLean.

First Vice-President—Edythe Hewitt.

Second Vice-President—Mabel Richardson Bertram.

Secretary—Mary Hanna Hall.

Treasurer—Margaret Henderson.

Treasurer of Scholarship Fund—Jean Morton.

Convenor of Sewing—Daisy Robertson Gall.

Slogan Representative—Ainslie McMichael.

Committee—Caroline Bull, Philippa Chapman, Ella Lumbers Gibson, Mary Glennie, Isabel Pirie Lewis, Margery Watson.

The first executive meeting of the

B.H.A.A. was held at the school, Friday evening, October 4th. The President, Mary McLean, was in the chair. Plans for the coming year were discussed. It was decided to continue with the sewing meetings, to be held at Branksome Monday afternoons. Daisy Robertson Gall very kindly consented to be convenor of this group.

A tea was held at the school the afternoon of October 28th. A silver collection was taken with which to buy supplies for layettes. Miss Read and Mary McLean received the girls and tea was served in the Common Room.

An executive meeting was held at the school the evening of January 27th. It was decided to have a

Bridge Monday afternoon, February 17th. This was duly held and was a great success, about two hundred being present.

An exceptionally large number accepted Miss Read's invitation to dinner Saturday evening, April 25th. Covers were laid for over three hundred. The following toasts were proposed:—

The King, proposed by Miss Read.

The School, proposed by Helen Rooke, responded to by Janet Rally.

The Alumnae, proposed by Betty Williamson, responded to by Grace Ponton Hargraft. The Graduating Class, proposed by Mary Becker, responded to by Jean Macdonald.

Miss Read, in her usual happy manner, gave a brief talk on the School in general and the Alumnae particularly, stressing just what the Association has accomplished in the years it has been functioning. Miss Read also spoke of the school farm, "Clansdale Heights", just above Richmond Hill, which was purchased last Autumn, and of the house at No. 16 Elm Avenue, which was acquired this Spring.

The Annual Meeting and election

of officers then took place. The officers were re-elected and the following are to form the committee:— Gladys Simpson Brown, Margaret Kent McKelvey, Eleanor Hughes, Joan Knowlton, Lois Plant and Betty Williamson. The reports of the secretary, treasurer and convenor of sewing were read and confirmed.

A Fashion Show of clothes dating back to 1906 followed, and was most entertaining and amusing. The President presented Miss Read with an evening bag on behalf of the Alumnae, as a slight token of appreciation and to mark the thirtieth anniversary of her connection with the school.

Members of the Alumnae acted as ushers at the Physical Training Demonstration held in the Varsity Arena, Friday evening, May first. Mary Glennie was responsible for asking the girls to assist.

The Committee are arranging for a tea to be held at Clansdale Heights the end of May, but details are not available before this report goes to press.

MARY HANNA HALL,
Secretary.



**AMOUNTS RAISED BY BRANKSOME HALL ALUMNAE
ASSOCIATION FOR PRIZES, SCHOLARSHIPS AND MEMORIALS**

PRIZES

Christine Auld
 Nora Eaton
 Margaret Eaton
 Lenore Gooderham Cherry
 Mary Gooderham
 Mary Hanna Hall
 Phyllis Hollinrake
 Florence Kemp
 Shirley McEvoy
 Mary McLean
 Muriel Moore Bragg
 Resident Pupils
 Isabel and Susan Ross
 Jean Ross
 Eleanor Ross Stewart
 Elizabeth Scott Warren
 Margery Watson Tow
 Total \$2,500.

SCHOLARSHIP FUND

\$8,100.

MEMORIALS

Ethel Ames Coombs
 Ruth Caven
 Norah Campbell
 Jean Hume
 Margaret T. Scott
 Dora Olive Thompson
 Total \$4,000.

GRAND TOTAL \$14,600.

**JEAN MORTON, Treasurer,
Scholarship Fund.**

April 25, 1936.





Miss Read was abroad last summer and spent a few days at "Les Fougères", Lausanne, visiting Mademoiselle Chaubert.

Kathleen Wilson Leslie is the Montreal Alumnae representative and sends us the following regarding "Old Girls" in that city. Viola Cameron is editing a new national monthly magazine called "Knitting and Home Crafts". The first number appeared in April. Viola's hobby is clay modelling and she won first prize in a competition held last summer in Montreal with the model of the head of the wee son of Jessie Wright Evans. Gwendolen Bell (Hamilton), who is a graduate of a New York hospital, is now working in the Neurological Institute and Olive Clemons, who graduated from the Royal Victoria last year, is taking a Public Health course at McGill. Marion Wilson is head nurse of a medical ward at R.V.H. and Marjorie Apedaile is in training at that same institution.

Lorna McLean Sheard produced and played the lead in "Medea" at McGill University Theatre in April. She also took the part of Queen Elizabeth in the "Dark Lady of the Sonnets", produced by the Montreal Repertory Theatre.

Dorothy Knowlton Russell and Corrie Cowie Barber are recent additions to the Montreal Alumnae.

Bessie Boehm is buyer for the Ensemble Shop in Eaton's Montreal store. Last summer she was abroad on a buying trip. Peggy Galt has a secretarial position with Canadian Industries and Dorothy gives her services twice a week in the Junior League Superfluity Shop.

Eleanor Sykes McCulloch was in Jamaica last winter and Katherine Crombie Wales in Miami.

Mary Martin Small is living in St. Anne de Bellevue and Alice Reid Carley in Como, P.Q. Evelyn Mackay Gerow is coming to Toronto in September to reside and Marjorie Franklin Jones Bruce has moved to London,

England. Helen Wilson Liersch is going abroad this summer and will then come back to Toronto to live. Sylvia Eby Campbell and her two children spent last year in England, where her husband, who is in the Flying Corps, was taking a course. They are now making their home in Ottawa.

Barbara Graham, who has just finished her third year at Queen's University, won the David B. Sabbath Scholarship in Psychology, and Mary Graham the H. F. Dupis Scholarship in Mathematics, first year. Congratulations! Other Branksomeites at Queen's are Margaret Griffis, Maude Edmison, Ruth Morgan, Helen Ackerman and Margery Morton. Among those in their first year, University of Toronto, are Margaret Beck, Mary Becker, Charlotte Deacon, Kathleen Hair, Ruth Carlyle, Mary Gooderham, Mary Harrison, Jean Loblaw, Margaret Mickle, Jeanne Montgomery, Jean Ross and Margaret Sorenson. Mary McFarland is taking her M.A. in Psychology.

Jane Wilson, Margaret Boughton and Cathleen Clark are taking the Dental Nurses' course.

Florena Cramp is attending the Warren Business College, Kirkland Lake.

Mary Wardlaw is taking the Household and Social Science course at King's College, London, England.

Elisabeth Saunderson is at Somerville College, Oxford.

Janet Garfield is attending Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville.

Betty White is at Stoneleigh College, Rye Beach, N.H., and Elizabeth Ann Tanner is at college in Milwaukee.

Millicent Raymond is in a French school, New York, and Peggy Marshall is at "Les Fougères", Lausanne.

Ora Forster and Katie Clark are at Columbia, and Marjorie Torrie is at the Katharine Gibb School, New York City.

Clare Keachie was one of two girls to pass with honours at Macdonald, Guelph, in the two-year associate class, June, 1935.

Katharine Dawson spent the winter studying piano in Paris, France. Virginia Piers is taking her Bachelor of Music at Dalhousie and is teaching at Seagates School, Halifax. Marion Gibson is teaching Arts and Crafts at the East End Y.W.C.A.

Lily Shannon Plant's two daughters are at Branksome this year and Edith Ohrt Wheelwright sends us her third daughter. The daughter of Esther Eddis Lane is in the residence and in the day school are the children of Beatrice Morang McLaughlin, Muriel Scholfield Grant, Emma Cox Barber, Nan Gooch Hutchinson and Marion Baillie Green, who have come to us this year. Jean Morton (Toronto) sends us a niece, and Margery Morton, Margaret Boughton and Virginia Birmingham send sisters who are in the residence.

Mary Barker is head of the Physical Education Department for Women at the University of Western Ontario, London. Gretchen Gray is Physical Director at the Central Neighbourhood House and Norah Fletcher at Loretto College.

Helen Turner and Eleanor Gibson entered the February class at the



Silver Birch Trail

Wellesley Hospital and Betty Hathway is in training at the Western Hospital. Margaret Mackenzie attained second highest standing in practical work at the graduation exercises of the Toronto General Hospital last May. Two prizes won at the Wellesley Hospital the same month were the Herbert A. Bruce Scholarship for operating room technique, Edith Innes, and the R. J. Mac-Millan Scholarship for bedside nursing, Evelyn McAlpine.

Catherine Cleghorn returned last summer from Labrador, where she spent two years as community worker in the Grenfell Labrador Mission. She is now executive secretary for the mission.

Helen McLennan is doing newspaper work in England. She is a reporter on the Surrey Comet, Kingston-on-Thames. Lucille Dumaresq spent the winter in England with her sister, Jacqueline Dumaresq Smith.

Molly Ponton Armitage is living in Vancouver and may be addressed 3890 Alexandra Ave. Jessie Renfrew Symonds, Hazel Wilkinson Russell and Ruth Eaton Brown are living in England. Helen Anderson Magnusson's address is Uppakra Skane, Sweden. Two recent additions to the New York Alumnae are Margaret McGlashan McAlpin and Lois Brooks Harshaw, the latter has a small daughter, Judith by name. Jessie Kelly Barker and Margaret Scott Brooks are domiciled in Columbus, Ohio, while Edna Chown Morse is making her home in Norwich, Connecticut. Marguerite Clark Somers and family are spending a year or two in France. Sally Morton and her family have moved from Tunapuna and her address is now 18 de Verteuil St., Port of Spain. Sally has a position in the record office of the Port of Spain Broadcasting Corp. Mona LeGallais French, who has been living in Carmanville, Newfoundland, will spend the summer in Twillingate. In the autumn she expects to go to England, where her husband, who is a doctor, will take a course. Helen Jarvis Anderson has been in Ottawa for the past year but, after a six weeks' trip to England, expects to return to Toronto in the autumn.

Marjorie Gillbard was awarded the King's Jubilee Medal. Congratulations, Marjorie.

Norah Lyle won the Porter Memorial trophy at the Mississauga Golf Club in the Annual Eighteen Hole competition last September, and Eleanor obtained third prize. Marion Miller was one of four members of Canada's Olympic Ski team.

Betty Stambaugh has a position with the Bell Telephone Co., and Joan Knowlton was camp secretary at Glen Bernard last summer.

We were so sorry to hear that both Yvonne Cherry and Helen Berney recently met with accidents which necessitate them being in plaster casts. We hope for speedy recoveries.

Mary Stewart made her New York debut as a singer at the Town Hall, January nineteenth. One critic said of her:—"Beauty, a truly regal stage presence, dramatic talent and a colourful mezzo-soprano voice of moderate volume and range are the equipment this young Canadian brings to a promising concert career. She seemed to suffer slightly from stage fright in the trying



"Laudamus Te" of her opening number, but, in the Brahms group which followed, and throughout the remainder of a full-test programme sang with the ease, poise and confidence of an assured artist."

Judith Kelly English's first book, "It Won't Be Flowers", has just been published. A critic says: "Miss Kelly has sensitivity, a feathery Mansfield touch, she is eager and serious and she likes to think straight."

Among those who spent some weeks in the South this winter are Jean McMichael, Dorothy White, Willo Love, Amy and Mary McArthur, Helen Sheppard Skene, Alice Le Pan, Rhoda McArthur, Phyllis Hollinrake, Mary Hendrie Cumming and Marjorie Evans Britt in Florida. Mabel Russell Davey and Gladys Bishop Van Duzer were in California and Betty Connell in Honolulu. Jean and Rosemary McWilliams visited Hawaii and Japan. Mary Curran and Jean Morton (Quebec) were in Jamaica. Jean Fleck Barclay left for California in March and spent Easter in Vancouver and Isabel Lumbers Day was in Nassau for a short time. Grace Ponton Hargraft sailed on a cruise of the West Indies in March and Dora and Miriam Fox sailed for England the same month as also did Louise Dreyer Geikie. Aileen Calvert Davies was on a cruise to the West Indies and to South America last autumn and Pauline Lea spent the winter in Winnipeg. Elizabeth Scott Warren was in New York in April, and while there saw Jean Francis Avery and Jean Ganong Eaton. Peggy Waldie sailed on a trip to Panama the end of February and Jessica Johnston Phippen visited Bermuda.

Margaret Donald, who was visiting friends in Nassau this winter, took the part of Una Verity in the thrilling mystery play, "Ladies-in-Waiting", in the University College Alumnae Association Dramatic Club's production given in November.

Trudean Spencer came to Toronto by air in February. Louise went to California the same month. Margaret Riggs is a most enthusiastic skier and was in Banff this winter for the ski championships. Peggy and Jean McRae, Virginia Birmingham and Betty McNeely are at the University of British Columbia and Mary Hutton is taking a business course at Pitman's. Marion Coote is to be married this summer in Hawaii to a surgeon at Kula Sanatorium, Honolulu.

Agnes Campbell Heslip attended the meetings of the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church held in Ottawa in April.

Helen Grisdale Graham is President of the Twentieth Century Liberal Club, Ottawa. Joan Romeyn is the President of the Women's Student Christian Movement, University College. Helen Chitty Burke is Vice-President of a Charity Benefit Society in Sault Ste. Marie and has spent a busy winter organizing teas, bridges, etc.

Norah Jordan, Elizabeth Lewis and Jacqueline Northway were Vivienne Lewis Northway's bridesmaids. Grace Bone and Louise Spencer performed the same office for Betty Gordon Merritt, Eleanor Watt for Lois Coryell Gray, Anne Radcliff and Daphne Mitchell for Louise Dreyer Geikie and Joan and Ruth Knowlton, Beatrice Johnston Howard and Margaret Withers for Dorothy Knowlton Russell.

Elaine Ellsworth, Peggy Waldie and Anne Radcliff are members of the Volunteer Emergency Squad of the Women's Auxiliary of the Toronto Humane Society. The squad was formed to relieve the overworked staff of the Humane Society of routine emergency calls.

Recent additions to Life Members of the Alumnae are Esther McWaters, Eleanor Ross Stewart and Helen Rooke.

The following Old Girls visited the school:—Hazel Wilkinson Russell, Ora Forster, Mary Martin, Peggy Gilmour, Trudean Spencer, Viola Cameron, Phyllis Shepard, Dorothy Misener, Dorothy Kennedy Smith, Betty Evans, Barbara and Mary Graham, Ruth Langlois Smith, Wynifred Gray Goodeve, Florence Fraser Smith, Helen Marshall, Elizabeth Bryden Dickson, Irene Dunbar, Agnes McGhie Ross, Jessie Wright Evans, Billie Pryce Jones, Marjorie Torrie.

It is interesting to notice the number of "Old Girls" who are among the advertisers in this copy of the "Slogan".



Births

Jessie Barr Chilton, a daughter, April 19th.
Catherine Hyde Phin, a son, May 7th.
Margaret Maclean Maclaren, a daughter, June.
Helen Robertson Shannon, a son, June 3rd.
Kathleen Freel Vernor, a son, June 8th.
Marjorie Franklin Jones Bruce, a son, June 14th.
Phyllis Langdon Edwards, a daughter, June 24th.
Nancy Wilson Lord, a daughter, July 2nd.
Adele O'Hara Quartermain, a daughter, July 4th.
Edith McKay Eastwood, a son, July 14th.
Grace Knight Gooderham, a daughter, July 16th.
Esther Outerbridge Joell, twin daughters, Aug. 1st.
Margaret Phippen McKee, a son, Aug. 31st.
Ann Bastedo Blaikie, a daughter, Sept. 10th.
Helen Findlay Plaxton, a daughter, Sept. 13th.
Phyllis Jones Byrne, a son, Sept.
Suzanne Scott Mitchell, a daughter, Oct. 14th.
Katherine Aitken Lloyd, a daughter, Oct.
Ida Wilkinson Beaumont, a daughter, Nov. 21st.
Persis Coleman Cutler, a son, Dec. 2nd.
Mercie Moore Carrick, a daughter, Dec. 4th.
Flora Featherstonhaugh Deeks, a daughter, Dec. 6th.
Lois Tedman Stockdale, a son, Dec. 19th.
Isabel Ivey Chester, a daughter, Jan. 18th.
Helen Warwick Steen, a daughter, Jan. 18th.
Betty Corrigan Lee, a son, Jan. 24th.
Jessie Kelly Barker, a daughter, Jan. 28th.
Georgina Carman Bryden, a daughter, Jan. 31st.
Edna Pratt Pinchin, a son, Feb. 19th.
Eileen Odevaine Cuthbertson, a son, Feb. 22nd.
Shirley West Gossage, a son, March 5th.
Constance Harding Bradshaw, a son, March 15th.
Olive Murphy McDowell, a son, March 16th.
Margaret Despard Northey, a son, March 19th.
Barbara George Pearson, a daughter, March 27th.
Marion Long Daglish, a son, March 31st.
Isabel Pirie Lewis, a son, April 7th.
Kathleen Wilson Leslie, a son, April 11th.
Lucy Hunter Harrington, a daughter, April 20th.
Mary Parker Freeburne, a daughter, April 28th.
Catherine McBurney Baker-Carr, a daughter, April 29th.
Ruth Eaton Brown, a daughter, May 5th.

Staff

To the Rev. and Mrs. Donald Sinclair (Miss Mary Jones), a son,
June 30th.

Marriages

Elizabeth Robson to Jas. Coutts Walker, May 24th.
Doris Ovans to Wm. Wayne Knight, May 25th.
Alexandrina Donald to Philip B. F. Smith, June 1st.
Ruth Eaton to Maurice Ashley Brown, June 1st.
Louise Langford to Donald D. Sutherland, June 1st.
Lorna Adams to Patrick Kingston Willan, June 8th.
Margaret West to Wm. F. Dewar.
Elinor Williams to R. Burns Lind, June 12th.
Marion Cann to Wm. Andolsek, June 16th.
Wilma Bate to G. H. Clifford Smith, June.
Dorothy Knowlton to Norman E. Russell, June 22nd.
Elizabeth Piersol to Ronald G. Campbell, June 22nd.
Mary Duff Wilson to Richard G. Wace, June 27th.
Roma Wessells to Frederick E. Moffatt, July 1st.
Helen Ross to Geo. F. A. Mackay, July 4th.
Eileen Magill to Rene P. A. Cera, July 25th.
Frances Whitman to John Roberts Davies, Aug. 10th.
Mona Miller to Harold A. Tomalin, Aug. 14th.
Dorothy Warren O'Hara to Frederick Wm. Percival, Aug. 16th.
Hazel Wilkinson to Jas. Hamilton Russell, Aug. 24th.
Isobel Kastner to Marcus D. MacMahon, Aug. 31st.
Doris McPhail to John A. Denman, Aug. 31st.
Ruth Ryan to Thos. B. Russell, Sept. 7th.
Evelyn Nickle to A. Gordon Campbell, Sept. 14th.
Elizabeth Brydon to Douglas M. Dickson, Sept. 18th.
Louise Dreyer to John G. Geikie, Sept. 21st.
Vivienne Lewis to John H. Northway, Sept. 21st.
Lois Coryell to Gerald M. Gray, Sept. 28th.
May Eyer to Robt. Walter Keast, Oct. 4th.
Dorothy Thayer to Cecil D. Banwell, Oct. 5th.
Elizabeth Walton to Eric Richardson, Oct. 5th.
Daphne Boone to Leslie G. Sams, Oct. 23rd.
Justine Campbell to Geo. A. Richardson, Oct. 26th.
Margaret Pyke to Don G. Henshaw, Oct. 26th.
Ruby Joe Cannon to Raymond J. Richardson, Nov. 6th.
Mona LeGallais to Donald B. French, Nov. 16th.
Margery Watson to Donald K. Tow, Nov. 16th.

Betty Gordon to Francis W. I. Merritt, Nov. 18th.
Edna Chown to Lyman R. Morse, Nov. 29th.
Irlma Kennedy to Arthur Jackson, Nov. 30th.
Margaret McGlashan to Kenneth R. McAlpin, Jan. 4th.
Rosara Roberts to Morton E. Olson, Jr., Jan. 4th.
Nora Jordan to Edmond L. Macnachton, March 25th.
Helen Anderson to Knut Magnusson, April 14th.
Elsie Francis to Ralph H. Tetlow, May 2nd.
Joan Shaw to Boyd Caldwell, May 2nd.

Deaths

Thos. H. Smallman, husband of Eleanor Leonard Smallman, June 16th.
Herbert J. Liersch, husband of Helen Wilson Liersch, Nov. 20th.
Julie, daughter of Majory Ellis Russell, March 25th.

In Memoriam

Bessie Home, May 23rd.
Margaret Robb, June 16th.
Helen Tucker, Oct. 1st.
Mary Hendry, Feb. 29th.

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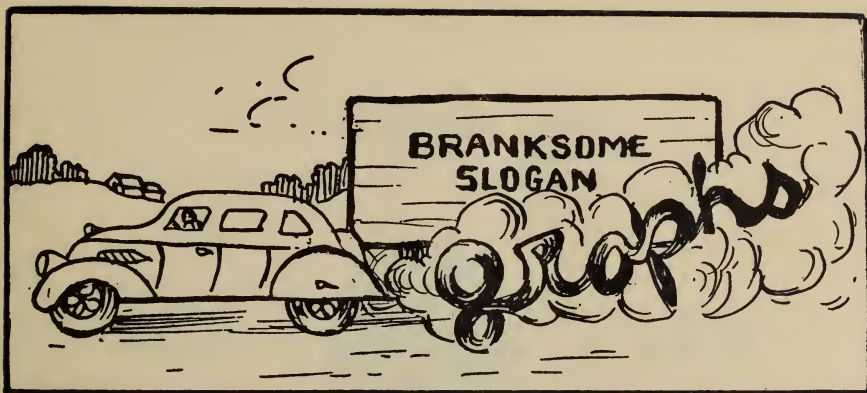
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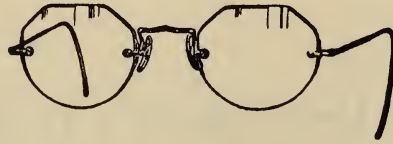
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A		L	
Angstrom, Nadine	71	Lumbers Co., Ltd., James	83
Arden, Elizabeth	16	Loblaw Groceries	77
Armstrong, Miss	76	Langley's, Ltd.	13
B		Longmans-Green	2
Barker's Bread, Ltd.	82	M	
Boulger, W. T.	89	Mary Olivia	71
Birks-Ellis-Ryrie	1	Macivor Co., L.	89
Bank of Nova Scotia	73	Mutual Life	3
Barker, Wesley	80	Munro, Harry T.	91
Blachford, H. & C.	85	N	
B. A. Oil Co.	74	Neilson, Wm. Co.	72
Blachford, P. S.	87	National Stationers	8
Baker Carpet Co.	81	O	
Bia-Cake Food Shop	76	Oxford Press	7
C		P	
Camp Owaissa	71	Parsons, A. T.	89
City Dairy	6	Pitman, Sir Isaac & Son, Ltd.	79
Consumers' Gas Co.	14	Panoramic Photo Co.	85
Carnahan's Ltd.	12	Percy, Optician	83
Chambers, Mrs.	91	Q	
Copp Clark Co.	10	Queen's Tea Room	83
Coles, Geo.	80	R	
Coon, Leone	80	Robertson Bros., Ltd.	82
D		Reed Canadian Engravers Ltd.	78
Duncan, Jeane	76	Rawlinson, Lionel, Ltd.	11
Deacon, F. H.	4	Routley's, Ltd.	86
Deer Park Garage	86	S	
Diet Kitchen	81	St. Andrew's College	9
Dickie Construction Co.	87	Simpson Co., Robert	9
Doubleday, Doran	2	Outside Back Cover	
E		Swiss Laundry	84
Eaton Co., T.	Front Cover	Sandham Fur Co.	9
F		Stone & Cox, Printers	92
Forman Co., H. R.	7	Swan Bros.	91
G		Sun Life Assurance Co.	5
Gage, W. J.	76	Silk Store	13
H		T	
Hunt's, Ltd.	85	Toronto Opticians Ltd.	79
Heintzman & Co.	79	Tamblyn, G., Ltd.	81
Hygienic Hairdressing	79	Toronto Window Cleaners	75
Hudnut, Richard, Ltd.	87	U	
Inside Back Cover		Upper Canada Tract Society	4
Henry, C. D.	87	United Cleaners	89
I		W	
Ideal Bread	12	Wilson, Harold Co., Ltd.	8
Interlake Tissue Mills	86	Whitewood's Riding School	11
Ideal Beauty Salon	85	Wheatley, Ed.	88
J			
Johnston, Crossley	75		



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